

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the
New York American of October 18, 1922.

"My dear, dear boy. When I said I would leave a note I forgot that it might not be wise, but I may take a chance for I cannot have you disappointed even though it isn't much.

"Deary, what a gay, happy girl I am today-and yesterday too. I love your dear note of last night and went to sleep happy after reading it. Of all the people that I know, no one understands me but you, but of course I have never shown my real self to others.

"One never can, except to the person they truly love.

"How impatient I am and will be. I want to look up into your dear face for hours as you touch my body close. Honey, do you suppose we could start early in the morning and not return until the following night late-say ten or eleven.

"Darling, do you yearn for it as I do?

"When will it be dear, the last night of this month?

"I guess I'd better not leave this, but give it to you tomorrow. I am looking over toward the trees by the elms and dreaming. Darling, my life is nothing except I have all your love. Dear, that is why I never get discouraged or discontented if I am not blessed with material things. I have the greatest gift and blessing and I do not need anything else.

"I am holding my sweetbabykin's face in my hands and looking deep into his heart and reading there the message that makes me live, gives me strength and life.

"Oh, honey, I am fiery today. Burning, flaming love. It seems ages since I saw my babykins' bodies and kissed every bit of you.

"It is 3:30 and he hasn't returned. I may wait until he comes back, and then I can be sure you will get this.

"Goodnight my true heart. I never buy such goodies as you do for me-but if we go on a picnic I will make whatever you like to eat so tell me what to make.

"Words-notes are useless. But I worship you my darling, yes, more than ever I need to.

"That is all."